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In vain for repose do I sadly lie down,
Wealth only can sleep in this horrible town,
 And *that* in some fence-guarded, elegant seat,
 In a quiet apartment, remote from the street.

The rich man at Paris in freedom can live,
 Since wealth all the joys of the country can give.
 'Tis his, in the depth of midwinter to bring
 To his garden the green trees and fresh plants of spring,
 And while treading about on his beds of sweet flowers,
 Their perfumes to breathe in his soft leisure hours.

But the poet—heigh ho—without fireside or room,
 Must lodge where he can, and as fortune shall doom.



*On a painting of Col. John Trumbull, representing a scene
 from Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

AMID the brilliant group, which lib'ral taste
 Selects to gild its mansion, and to charm
 The virtuoso's eye, the landscape fair,
 The form pourtray'd that from the canvass starts,
 With breathing lip and feature, *one* there is
 That mingles all this magick. On its front
 The bold descendant of that ancient line,
 Which Scotland in her better days rever'd,
 Stands first. His lofty form, though mark'd by time,
 Seems like the forest king, that holds in age
 Preeminence, and bows, but not decays.
 Born for authority, upon his brow
 He bears its semblance; silently we gaze
 And breathe the name of Douglass; while the glance
 Piercing, yet pensive of that noble eye,
 Still speaks of wrongs endur'd, yet unreveng'd,
 And wakes that sympathy which generous souls
 Will feel for suff'ring virtue. By his side
 Is seen a youth of native majesty,
 The fearless Malcolm, "beautiful and brave."
 He, having nothing basely to conceal,
 Dreads nothing, and his cloudless eye looks up
 In the pure dignity of innocence,
 Ev'n as the guardian eye of angels might
 Look down on him. And next, a fairer form,

Half bending, half concealed in youthful charm,
 Whose list'ning eye with conscious glance reveals
 That not the favour'd Lufra, or the hounds,
 Whose eager haste solicits her caress,
 Nor yet the falcon, perching on her hand,
 Could win her soul's attention from the voice,
 That speaks of Ellen with a father's love,
 Or lure it from the form of him who hears
 With undefin'd sensation. Allan, too !
 Thou poor old Harper, sorrow worn and sad,
 Lost in the scenes of other days, whose shades
 Are mournful to thee, has that cherish'd harp,
 On which thy arm reclines, no lingering tone
 To cheer thy wither'd heart, and sooth thy Lord
 In his lone exile ? Hark ! with shouting sounds
 Of revelry and pride, the stately barge
 Of Roderick cuts the wave. The rapid strokes
 From Highland oars come measur'd to the song
 " Row, Vassals, Row !" while the inspiring praise
 Of the grim warrior echoes from each glen
 Of the wild trosach, and in softer tones
 Swells o'er Loch Katrine's mirror, cold and pure.
 On the smooth verdure, the diminish'd groups
 Await th' arrival ; mists in volumes roll'd
 Spread o'er the mountains, while th' aspiring trees
 Blend with the clouds. Oh, thou, whose art can blend
 A charm to nature, and a robe to thought,
 Who thus couldst pour the soul of Scottish song
 O'er the dead canvass, lightly may the hand
 Of time rest on thee, while thy art shall lure
 Him of his wand to give a longer date
 To the bright scenes thy country's annals yield,
 And twine a wreath unfading for her brow.

H.

Hope and Memory.

Occasioned by the sentiment, that Hope perishes with the present brief existence, but that Memory is immortal.

1

SWEET friend of Man ! whose airy form
 With eye of azure ray,
 Is seen through every gathering storm,
 Companion of his way.